

miniMAG

issue05 Body Horror



Regarding your Neighbour

Seeing as you have just recently purchased your house, I must tell you of your new neighbour, the leftward one, in that elaborately decked house from which always billows smoke. I doubt, I do, that you, despite living in our area for all your life, have heard of her. Not because you are uninformed, which you aren't, but because these things are nowadays rarely taught, as such was the war's effect that our community's lore has become nigh-forgotten. Here, a sketch, an inkling, regarding her peculiar and disturbing behaviour.

She puts fruit, sometimes meat, on her platter and keeps it there for weeks, letting it rot and grow haggard, as if she takes pleasure in displaying the grotesque, enjoying the smell fill up her house and getting a high from seeing the fruit in such a state. It's all so exhilarating—the browning, the crumbling, the shrivelling up. In her mind she is a gardener, cultivating decay and planting mass onto the mound, trimming her perfect hedge whenever she runs her fingers through the mound to proper it into a cone-shape. She then, once the fruit is lovely enough, scrapes it all into a box which she bathes in ice until there are no more bugs left wandering about—bugs ruin the experience,

the novelty, they're too alive, and she doesn't like to share. Her concoction is then placed back onto the platter. This process, after time, forms a mound of dust-like rot, with new fruit or freshly-chopped meat placed on top, ready for the next harvest. Great pride is taken in the mound's growing, its expanding presence gussying the house, its cuteness satisfying all her senses.

Perhaps you find this strange but not worrying. Then might I remind you that your house's previous owners, an agricultural family owning also some livestock, moved because of failing harvests and fox-ridden nights.

-anon



Gross

Relax asshole, I have better things to be doing today.
There are books to read, and coffee shops to be harassed
by my stares at bubbly waitresses- who still think, underneath it all:
 he's kinda cute.

Sauntering back and forth to the bathroom box will have to wait, first
I must make a pass at the sandwich lady, or the fruit vendor, or the
garbage girl for all I care,
 and I do care.
Just hold clenched for a bit,
we can go back to my skyscraper studio apartment after, and I will feed
you all the disgusting things you crave
again, delivered under cover of night, and hopefully smog, so that even the
stars can't see how I treat you.

Then you will be happy until the morning,
Where I must once again ease you into my jeans so that I can make more
runs at
 anything with a pulse
Carrying away virgins to my ivory tower,
full of takeout boxes, where I can be gross.

一位偷盗者的身体

By 胚胎公园

踏入一个红色的蚀面 拔地而起的轻巧缝合 刺痛被归还 禁区 从两片明黄中后退 强碱浸着的金属板上 脱落物铺满一位偷盗者的身体 母亲 引诱物的秘密回注 我紧攥她的来访是原始动机 或慷慨的幻觉 被霉蛀的时间丢弃后 警觉的找寻 六等份视觉的电子屏幕上 庆典结束于术语和生物体的休眠 运转的复眼下我获得一些语词 月桂醇硫酸 连翘 纤维素胶 蛇弟 这些微小的拖曳连同陌生的圣餐仪式一起将我推回牢狱的谶言 绝对的祭品 暴徒的美的征象 寻找墙面新型的计时器 堆叠的“正”像一次儿童的选举 缺席的唱票人 夜晚 充满钝力的口腔运动 吞咽一座石像和对良知的追究 床沿上的马戏 在这个荒蛮的房间 义务的园地 我盯着偷窃者的踵 想象她裹满砺石的胃部 在布满划痕的反光体前 试图弄清马在嗅觉间的交配 这是一条由无数细弱颈部锻造的线 被牢牢拴在遥远的站台 性别的组装物 缺口的状态 通天的黑色大门前 高效清洗剂落下 三次 快速的从体内吸附出万物的恶 这片纯净之地前 我是有限的通行者 是一沓印刷物 递给愁苦的守门人 这片被灌注石性的花园景观中的最后一次震颤 和第一颗乳牙的脱落同时发生

Squitos and Mushrooms

Just his thoughts, and an old iPod, and Jack's hatchet strapped onto his right hip. The forest had a clear trail through it, leading west, towards the island's inner swampland. Sand and dirt splotches littered the ground between more traditional forest foliage and roots. Tucker walked with characteristic purposefulness, despite not having any direction or sense of where he was going.

This arboreal section of the island is home to swarms of insects. They blossom in this range, protected from sand and surf, as they hunt for excess energy in the brush. The mosquitos here can be challenging. They travel in thick, bothersome hordes that do a great job of keeping casual day-trippers out of coastal island's inner sanctums.

Neglecting to prepare for the journey, Tucker was swarmed immediately. The pestilent cloud followed him step after step, a war party constantly refueling itself. Newcomers homed in, as the others lost the wind beneath their wings. He could tell he was getting bitten even as he walked. He would

swat, then swat again, killing wantonly, but caused no discernible decrease in the buzzing horde. As one fell another would take the dead squito's place, or two more would hit him from behind. Naturally, I am delighted anytime I get to see these 'intelligent' beasts confounded by such 'mindless' foes. They were unquenchable and innumerable; his was an unwinnable battle. He had no control over it, but he wanted to keep fighting.

He continued walking forward. His mind spiraled into that thought. Nothing Tucker encountered before had seemed unwinnable. He steadfastly refused to consider things that way. He was irked; a sneer crossed his boyish face as if the squito's could comprehend his arrogance. He stopped walking as he passed a particularly large tree. He stood and swatted, trying to kill as many mosquitos as he could. Over and over he hit them, just to find another on the opposite arm, or on the left leg, or just up his right ankle, then on his neck, then the other side of his neck. His intensity increased as he slapped harder. He could feel the slap of his hand colliding with his extremities, but couldn't feel the little mosquitos being crushed. Even the bugs' stings went unnoticed. He slapped one more time; a bugger was on his right bicep. He put all of his might into it. The bug was squashed but he felt a sharp jolt of pain. He could see it strewn across his arm, red blood around it. His blood, the mosquito had taken it and he wanted it back.

He stared at the small bit of blood. It was changing colors ever so slightly. He was no longer swatting, the blood had all of his attention. It was an impossibly deep pool, completely opaque. He imagined, rather than saw, his own reflection in

it. He noticed another mosquito landing on his forearm a slight distance away. Defeat. He braced against the nearest tree.

For a moment, a wild, frightening, deadly moment, he imagined a giant six-legged mosquito lifting itself off the tree and descending onto him. The proboscis skewered him through the chest. Rapidly, he could feel the blood draining out of him. He flexed the muscles in his chest as violently as he could, focusing on the hole he was being drained from. The change in pressure shot through the colossal insect, it exploded from its abdomen. Tucker was covered in his own blood and the demon insect's guts. Its head was still lodged in his pale, dried chest. He fell back onto the tree. He shivered; sure he was ended by that ghastly vision. His muscles were still clenched, as if he really was trying to pop the beast through his chest.

He looked down and saw the small mosquito, feeding on his forearm. He held his arm out in front of him and watched as it lifted its head a fraction of an inch and flew away. His skin was moving, just the smallest fraction, upward, creating the tiniest little mound. And that was it, it was over. He had lost, but it was over and he could move on. He patted the tree next to him, standing on his own two feet again. He ran his hands against the tree's rough bark, for the first time really noticing it. An evolved defense, learned from failure, learned from expecting to be attacked. Relief washed from the bite mark on his forearm throughout the rest of his body. He relaxed his muscles.

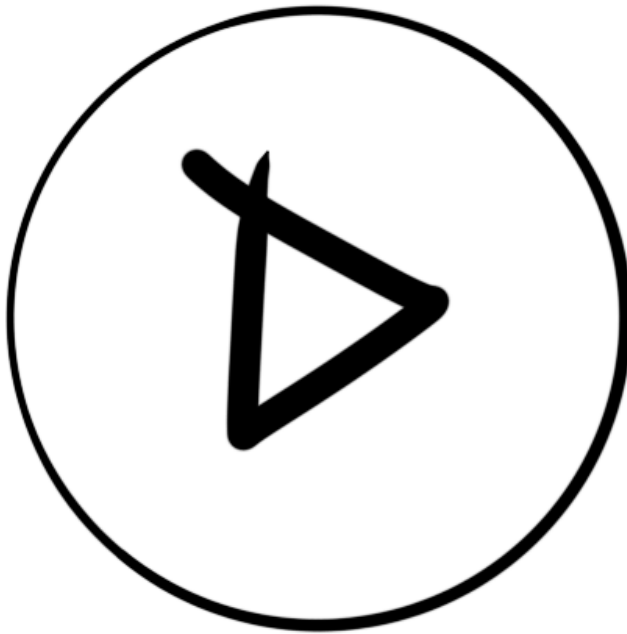


Blind

By Michael Duggan

I have been blind most my life
What I wouldn't give to see
Have all those beautiful sounds
Transformed to imagery
Colours memory still fresh
A wondrous cacophony
The things that were, once before
Now just taunt my dreams

So when I harvest your eyes
You'll know its meant to be
I will see your mangled face
The crimson blood that streams
Your turn has come to an end
Now its time for me



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“Regarding your Neighbor” by Anonymous

“一位偷盗者的身体” by 胚胎公园
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